

THE A. M. A. BAYONET



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AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA

"WINTER QUARTERS"



SOUTH BARRACKS—EAST FRONT

ATTITUDES

There are a few things in this life which fortunately do not have a monetary value. The idea is prevalent among the mediocre or middle-sized minds that an education should be gotten for the purpose of commercializing it for profit and gain. This is not the chief aim of an education. The best things in art, music, literature, and science have been produced without the clamorous incentive of pecuniary gain. The great geniuses of history are those men who preferred to starve in obscurity rather than to sacrifice their ideals to the sensual pleasure of the moment. Education's purpose is not to teach us how to make a living, but how to live. If the person who thinks only in monetary terms would stop for a moment in his mad rush for money and think once on the reason for our striving at all in life, he would soon see the worthwhile side of artistic production. After all, the real purpose in life is not the gaining or accumulation of wealth, but the gaining of happiness.

It is true that some students in our schools today are indifferent to either the monetary compensation, or happiness. They are sent to school merely for the prestige that it gives them. It is quite possible for a student to go through school and come out woefully ignorant of the things that make life worth living. All that he has to show for his daddy's money and four years of his time is an exaggerated sense of his own importance, a disinclination for honest toil, and a class pin.

We should take life seriously and try to make use of our time. For time is an elusive thing. It slips by unawares, and youth is ripened into old age before one realizes it.

"I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me—can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it.
Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE—?

Who is it thinks his father is the country's greatest man?	Who is it keeps me waiting for my favored barber's chair?
Who is it helps his mother out in ev'ry way he can?	Who is it steals my cigarettes?
Who is it, on the playing field, sticks till the game is done?	Who is it I hear swear?
Who is the greatest pal on earth?	Who is it will drink anything in liquid form but water?
You guessed it, friend, <i>My son!</i>	Who is it wears my golfing togs?
	You said it, friend, <i>My daughter!</i>
	—Geo. R. Davies, in <i>Judge</i> .

I Saw Her Thus in All My Dreams

I saw her thus in all my dreams,
From golden youthful years:
*She laughed with me—in happy
hours;*

She wept with me—in tears!
I saw her thus in all my dreams.
And longed that dreams come
true;

For that she was no phantasy,
My yearning soul well knew.

I saw her cheeks in rose-tints of
The blushing dawn of June;
Her smile I saw in sunbeams of
The spring time's warming noon;
I saw her hair in tress-clouds of
The sunset's glow—too soon
To yield its gold to pale rays of
The twilight's silvery moon!

Her voice I heard in laughter of
The lilt of rippling rills,
And in the gentle whisper of
The breeze from incens'd hills,
And in the love-born music of
The mock-bird when he thrills
His queen of love with music of
His madrigals' sweet trills!

Her eyes I saw in blueness of
The sunny coral sea;
I saw her heart in pureness of
The seraph's purity;
Her soul I saw in beauty of
That Truth high-born above—
In beauty of the glory of
The God of Truth and Love!

I saw her thus in all my dreams,
From gloden youthful years:
*She laughed with me—in happy
hours;*
She wept with me—in tears!
I saw her thus in all my dreams,
And, lo my dreams come true!
For now I find each dreamed of
grace
More beautiful—in you!

—H. F.

A. M. A. Bayonet

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Life's Sine Qua Non

*Though I speak with the tongues
of men and of angels, and have not
Love, I am become as sounding
brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And
though I have the gift of prophecy,
and understand all mysteries, and
all knowledge; and though I have
all faith, so that I could remove
mountains, and have not Love, I
am as nothing. And though I be-
stow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be
burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing.—I COR., 13.*

Editorial

Back on the Line

The school resumed its many
duties of the New Year on the
night of January 7th. It is needless
to say that everyone that came back
had a big Christmas and enjoyed
the holidays very much. We were
fortunate in having an extended
Christmas vacation, and I am sure
that we all appreciated it sincerely.

Athletics started off in earnest as

THE ORIGIN OF FOOTBALL

By PROFESSOR PERFECTLY KILLING, *Veterinarian*

Football is one of the most ancient games known to college men. It
ranks second only to craps, poker, and passing the buck.

According to legend, the first game of football was an accident, and
accidents have accompanied the game ever since. It was while one of
the famous athletes of the Stone Age, Lionel Ivorydome, was discussing
the ownership of a pig with his neighbor, Bigstick Swatter, that the first
foot was set to pigskin.

Swatter, being of a mean disposition, insisted that the pig belonged
to his herd because it had two ears and all the rest of the herd were
similarly marked. Ivordome was no man to let a pig break up a life-
long friendship; so, after failing to persuade Swatter that he was wrong
by pounding him over the head with a boulder, he magnanimously re-
linquished the grunter and kicked it into his neighbor's face.

But Swatter, too, was a good chap at heart, and immediately on
perceiving his neighbor's kind action, his stubborn meanness melted
away. He apologized for his selfishness and kicked the pig back into
Ivordome's stomach. Kind action induced kind action, kick was recip-
rocated with kick, until the combatants became as insistent on giving the
pig away as they had been on taking it home before.

At the conclusion of an exceptionally powerful boot, Ivordome
picked up the squealing porker and tried to carry it over to his neighbor's
cave; but Swatter was too quick for him. With a snort of rage, he
dived and grabbed the good Samaritan by the legs, dragging him to the
ground.

By this time, the rest of the cave dwellers became interested in the
struggle and, without stopping to ask questions, pitched in on one side or
the other.

So interested did the combatants become in the sport of carrying
the pig from one cave to another than when the first animal wore out
they borrowed another; and before evening they ran out of pigs and had
to call the game off.

Well, that was the way football started. Air was substituted for
the insides of the pigs at a later date, to prevent the field from being
messed up.—*California Pelican.*

soon as the corps arrived, and the
cadets have been training hard for
future meets. We have been lucky
in having most of our best athletes
back, and all the squads of basket-
ball, boxing, wrestling, and track
have been surprisingly large, and
our future is truly promising.

Classes began on the morning of
the 8th, and naturally every one
was talking of their Christmas and

also trying to settle down to future
work. It is hard to buckle down to
hard work as soon as one gets here,
but to do so is better for us, for
then we will not have time to think
of home.

Major Brinkley, Lieut. Caldwell,
and Sergeant Hinton began their
military part slowly at first, but are
building up.

The New Year Reception

On Monday afternoon, the 13th, the old men served as delightful hosts at a dance given as a compliment to the new men in barracks. All of the new men were present, and the majority of the old men were there. Those that participated in dancing had the pleasure of enjoying the entrancing music of the Cadet Ramblers. The Ramblers seemed to be all in tune, and the music they furnished was like magic. The young ladies present were some very attractive demoiselles from Staunton and Waynesboro. They were Misses Margaret Lasely, Betty Loth, Margaret Demund, Frances, Lucy, and Clarita McCormack, Katherine May, Jessie Mae Cover, Hilton Roller, Maria Brand, Punkie Harman, Margaret McCue, Frances Olivia, and Ellen Rogers.

As a new cadet, and on behalf of my colleagues, I wish to extend to the old men our sincere appreciation of the very enjoyable time had by all.

—J. T. C.

Boxing and Wrestling

Shortly after the Christmas furrough ended there was a call for boxing and wrestling, which was responded to very readily by the men of Augusta. Both sports have gotten well under way due to the able instruction of Cadet Capt. Pryor in wrestling, and Cadet Capt. Woods in boxing. In wrestling we were fortunate in having five letter men back, namely, Pryor, Dorsey, Hussey, Kelsey, and Copps, M. In boxing, there are five letter men back also, namely, Founds, Mosely, Woods, Bovee, and Copps, M. The boxing team was rather unfortunate in losing Charlie Payne and Moffett Beery, but with the new material and the letter men also, the outlook

for a championship looks good. These teams, however, will not come out on top if the corps is not behind them. The men of Augusta have never failed though to stand behind their athletic teams, and we are sure that they will boost our teams on to a championship this year.

The Swimming Team

Under the excellent coaching of Captain Deane we are expecting a real swimming team this year.

All of our old men will remember what Mercersburg did to our good team last year, and won't they be surprised when we defeat them with a doubled score on the 25th?

Mercersburg always has a fine swimming team, but we are sure that A. M. A. will have a better one and will give Mercersburg the surprise of their life.

The Big Five

Coaches Captains Hodges and Roderick have started the basketball season off with a "boom."

Since the holiday, Augusta's Big Five have been unfortunate in losing a hard fought game to Benedictine, but have been victorious in four other games. First they downed the team of Miller School in true Augusta fashion, next the Blue and White team defeated the Staunton "Y" basketball team with the score of 21 to 17, then the Staunton B. Y. P. U. were overthrown with the decisive score of 32 to 21, and last but not least, we conquered Draper School.

Here's hoping the boys keep up the good work, as we are all sure they will. This year certainly looks like a big basketball year for us.

—A. W. R.

Academics

There was a large number of cadets who were unable to take the pre-Christmas exams on account of absence or illness. It was decided by the principals that after having passed three weeks in leisure these students would hardly be able to stand the strain of their exams, so they would get the average of their three-months' grades in place of an exam grade.

Major Roller stated that cadets who had failed on exam or exams should not be discouraged, as passing grades on the rest of the exams would qualify them for a credit in the subject. Major also announced that new cadets who had entered after Christmas could take their subjects in summer school and get credit for the three months they missed.

For the benefit of those who did not hear this announcement we repeat that all cadets taking Civics should be given an exam at the end of this month. Please note this and prepare.

The periods were all shortened since the corps only arrived the night before, and there was little to be done in class except to review the examinations and assign new lessons.

Some of the teachers gave us our grades, the large majority of which were exceptionally high.

The term just finished, as a whole, was very successful and compared favorably with the results of similar periods in preceding years. So we of the staff wish to join with the corps of cadets in thanking the members of the faculty for their splendid co-operation and their interest in our academic work.

IN DAYS OF OLD

ADAM—Tough luck that I have but one female of the species before whom I may display my sheikishness; but, after all, there will be but one alimony for me to take care of.

EVE—What a terribly dull life when a married lady has no married gentleman friends with whom she may sympathize when they are so cruelly misunderstood by their wives.

NOAH—Port Ararat at last! But it's quite a comfort to an old tar to know that his elephant passengers, at least, will not have their trunks mussed by up custom officials when we land.

LOT—Says, daughters, your mother looks as if she had been up salt creek.

ESAU—Some soup, I'll tell the world; but take it from me, that brother of mine sure makes a fellow pay for his eats!

REBECCA—Honesty is only skin-deep, my son: slip on this goatskin and take this hot broth in to your dad.

JOSEPH—Oh, I should worry—no doubt that flapper thought she was getting my coat of many colors.

MRS. PHOTIPHER—Hubby, dear, see this coat I snatched from that unsophisticated Jew you brought into our happy home. Are you going to allow such a flat-tire to wreck our blissful married life?

MOSES—Oh, Iord, what have these women done! Converted all their jewelry into a glittering golden calf! And, alas, my prophetic eyes vision all down the ages men's wealth given over in the worship of calves, calves, calves!

SAMSON—Darn that Delilah! Last night she bobbed my hair, and no doubt she will tonight add a permanent wave to my sea of trouble!

DAVID—Say, Hiram, please don't mention bath-robos to me; why, man, the mere sight of a soap-bubble upsets my nerves!

BATHSHEBA—Since cleanliness is next to godliness, I'll just step out into the yard and take a bath to show the king how good I am.

SOLOMON—Yes, I am trying to get into communication with the Man in the Moon; you see, I am anxious to ascertain whether he has any marriageable daughters.

JONAH—Speaking of submarines, I have a whale of a nose-end dive to tell the world when I get this gastric juice out of my hair.

QUEEN OF SHEBA—No, Solomon, old dear, it is so sudden; then, too, you know too many cooks spoil the broth.

DIVES—Say, Jezebel, if I were a camel, I'd walk a mile for a smoke-screen.

JEZEHEL—"Yes, Judas, it's toasted," said Jezebel, scratching the dimple on her knee.

ST. PAUL—Timothy, my son, it seems that I made a serious mistake in the advice I gave you. Better use de-natured grape-juise instead of the wine I suggested for your stomach's sake.

PRODIGAL—I would arise and go unto my father, but I have just heard that the old gent has troubles of his own, being repeatedly sued by my step-mothers for failing to meet his alimony obligations.

—H. F.

Mater Filiaque

"Mother, the old town needs a boost;

I'll go as joy-ride booster.

Just look for me back home to roost

When dawn de-roosts the rooster;

But, should our car get stuck in mire,

'Twill take some time admiring;
And should we have a punctured tire,
I'll later be retiring."

"Go, daughter; go: the silv'ry moon
Will watch o'er you when moon-ing;

When you were born, no silver spoon

Was in your mouth: go spoon-ing!

Wear nifty shoes, full free from vamp,

Use roley hose for vamping;
Remember, oft the bridal camp

Is pitched from joy-ride camp-ing!"

Informal Dance

An informal dance was held in the gymnasium Saturday night of the 18th. Many of the fair sex were there, and the greater part of the cadet corps also. As this was the opening informal dance since Christmas, quite a few of the girls from Stuart Hall, Harrisonburg, and Staunton were present.

Delightful music was furnished by the Cadet Ramblers, led by Cadet Guthrie. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

AS YOU LIKE IT

One thing about these skirts is that they don't bag at the knees.

—*Ohio State Journal*.

CLASSIFIED AD

College widow with six children would like to marry old grad with five and a football.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

POWER OF IMAGINATION

Mrs. Bridey (at 1 a. m.): "Oh, Jack, wake me up! I can just feel there's a mouse in the room."

Husband (drowsily): "Well, just feel there's a cat, too, and go to sleep."—*Boston Transcript*.

PUTTING WINGS ON A MAN

"And at her request you gave up drinking?"

"Yes."

"And you stopped smoking for the same reason?"

"I did."

"And it was for her that you gave up dancing, card parties, and billiards?"

"Absolutely."

"Then why didn't you marry her?"

"Well, after all this reforming I realized I could do better."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Uncle: "I proposed to Arabella by mail."

Sam: "Did she accept?"

Uncle: "Yes; but she was so dumb that she married the postman."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Grandma: "Louise, I cannot have you reading novels on Sunday."

Co-ed: "But, Grandma, this one is all right. It's about a girl who was engaged to three clergymen at once."—*Witt*.

The meanest man we know of is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.—*Arizona Kittykat*.

LOSING STRENGTH

"An' how's yer wife, Pat?"

"Sure, she do be awful sick."

"Is ut dangerous she is?"

"No, she's too weak to be dangerous any more."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Minister: "Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

Flapper Fanny: "I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Charleston?"—*Arizona Kittykat*.

Captain: "What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?"

Corporal: "Don't bite the insects."—*Oregon Orange Owl*.

THE OPEN SEASON

Newcomer: "Anything worth catching in the lake?"

Hotel Proprietor: "Well, rather. There are several heiresses in bathing right now."

—*Boston Transcript*.

He: "Jews don't wear petticoats."

She: "Oh-o-o-o—"

He: "But Jewesses do."

—*Texas Ranger*.

Grandpa, in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

He: "Why is your face so red?"

She: "'Cause."

He: "'Cause why?"

She: "Causemetics."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*.

The taxi came to a stop in the middle of the street.

"What's the matter?" called

Jones from the back seat.

"I thought the young lady said 'Stop'" answered the driver.

"I say, old man, why on earth are you washing your spoon in the finger-bowl?"

"Do you think I am going to get egg all over my pocket?"

—*London Opinion*.

Arthur: "Darling, I love you so much that I dream of you every time I sleep."

His Fiancé: "Oh, Arthur, if you loved me enough you wouldn't be able to sleep at all."—*Tit-Bits*.

He: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."

She: "Well, you don't have to become perfect in one night."

—*Boston Transcript*.

"What happened to you, my poor fellow?"

"My girl threw me down a flower."

"But surely that couldn't have made such a wreck of you?"

"Yes, it could. She forgot to detach the window-box."

—*Dublin Opinion*.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed:

"* x ? ! * x ? ! * x ? ! * x ? ! ?"

—*Tit-Bits*.

Teacher: "What is Boston noted for?"

Johnny: "Boots and shoes."

"Correct. And Chicago?"

"Shoots and booze."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

Wife of Professor: "What in the world is the matter—you are drenched."

Professor: "I had a bath and forgot to take off my clothes."

—*Lustige Blaetter*.

"The Student's Ten Commandments"

PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS, of *Rutger's University*

Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.

Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.

Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth, and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or toil.

Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.

Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.

Thou shalt respect the rights and pleasures of others, claiming no privilege for thyself but the privilege of service, and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellowmen.

Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.

Thou shalt rejoice in the excellences of others, and despise all rewards saving the gratitude of thy fellows and the approval of God.

Thou shalt live by thy best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men.

Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.